

MORGAN ART IS TO BE PEOPLE'S

Son May Give Plan for Sharing Treasures Within a Week.

12 IN CORSAIR CLUB

Depew Describes the Great Man's Delight in Circle of Friends.

LOVED HIS OLD CHURCH

Spent Saturday Afternoons Alone in Prayer and Song.

Now that the last will of J. Pierpont Morgan has been set before the public there is great curiosity as to what disposition of the Morgan art treasures will be made by the son, to whom they were bequeathed. At his summer home on East Island, Glen Cove, L. I., J. P. Morgan, Jr., said last night that he had no statement to make. Robert W. de Forest, vice-president and secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was also unwilling to talk, saying that any statement must come from Mr. Morgan and not from a trustee of the museum.

A man who is very close to Mr. Morgan and is also familiar with the affairs of the museum, let it be known that "Mr. Morgan probably will give a statement of his intentions when he is ready." It was believed yesterday that this would be before the end of the week.

Metropolitan Expected to Get Art.
There was a feeling also that the greater part of the art collection would go to the Metropolitan Museum, possibly not as a gift, for the present at least, but as a loan with conditions that would have the effect of making the treasures, in the words of the Morgan will, "permanently available for the instruction and pleasure of the American people."

The Metropolitan Museum was not mentioned in that clause of the will relating to art collections, but Mr. Morgan's interest and belief in that institution are well known and it seems reasonable to suppose that he had it in mind when he observed in the will that lack of time had prevented him from carrying into effect his purpose to make his collections or part of them permanently available for the public, and when he asked his son to fulfill the father's desires.

Next to the paragraph in which Mr. Morgan declared his religious faith and entrusted his children to maintain and defend the doctrines of the atonement for sin there was most prominent yesterday on article XII of the will.

I give and bequeath to each of the members of the Corsair Club at the time of my death, as a souvenir of myself and as a token of my personal affection for them, a piece of silver of the value of \$1000 to be selected and purchased for the purpose by the executors of my will.

Depew Tells of Corsair Club.
This clause was particularly interesting to readers of the published will because not one in 10,000 ever had heard of the Corsair Club. Mr. Morgan and the other members took good care that the meetings of this little company did not get into the papers. The reasons, therefore, and the history of the club were explained by ex-Senator Charles M. Depew at his home, 21 West Fifty-fourth street.


"The Corsair Club? There's no harm in telling you about it now, so far as I am able," said Mr. Depew. "You know Mr. Morgan hated publicity. Well, I believe that he loved this club better than any other club of which he was a member, because he found in it that intimacy with his friends of which he was so fond and because he knew that everything said at its meetings was in sacred confidence."

It was founded twenty-seven years ago, that is, I became a member twenty-seven years ago, and I think that the club was then new. Two-thirds of the original members are dead, but the club always has had twelve members selected by Mr. Morgan from among his closest friends.

Met Nine Times a Year.
At the start it was composed of twelve men who were guests of Mr. Morgan on the yacht Corsair. Every year since then the club has met nine times a year, a dinner every month for nine months in the year. We dined at clubs or hotels, never at a member's home, as I remember. Mr. Morgan was always there, always happy, as host or guest. Sometimes we had two or three guests in from outside.

I recalled that the club was my guest in Washington when I was Senator. Somehow the fact was printed and Mr. Morgan didn't like it. Another dinner of the club that stands out in my memory is the one that took place on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, when one of the members had an estate. It was at a time when a grave crisis for the national Government was approaching, so the year was not 1907, long before Mr. Morgan forecast accurately and with rare judgment both the crisis and the remedy.

The Leader's Verdict Given.
At these dinners and at other times in my long acquaintance with Mr. Morgan I came to see that two of his most pronounced mental characteristics were accuracy of judgment in grasping a situation and quickness of decision as to how the situation should be met, and when his judgment was formed his faith in it was implicit. Mr. Morgan's judgment approached prophecy.



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stories of Washington life, as I know, because I used to tell them.

"Mr. Morgan and the rest of us talked with the utmost freedom, and we never ceased to wonder at the knowledge of the world's life which he displayed, not merely of business, but of politics, books, the big men of this country and Europe—interested in everything. Mr. Morgan spoke frankly of this and that public man, but never in my life did I hear him denounce anybody.

"His habit was to be silent when a person he disliked was mentioned. From his manner we knew immediately just how he felt.

"Mr. Morgan was always an intensely patriotic and religious man and a fine friend."

Some Who May Have Been Members.
Senator Depew said that it would not be right for a member of the Corsair Club to tell the other members were Joseph H. Choate, Charles Lanier, Robert Bacon, Frank K. Sturges, George S. Bowdoin and George E. Pollock are said to be some of them.

The Rev. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square, said yesterday he did not know what use would be made of the income of the \$500,000 which Mr. Morgan left "for the support of the ministry of such church." He was inclined to believe that the word "ministry" would be broadly interpreted as meaning the administration of the church.

St. George's is an institutional church, with many activities in which Mr. Morgan was interested, but none of which are specified in the will. He gave the church its trade school, memorial house, deaconesses' home and was the principal donor of its chapel. Mr. Reiland said that nobody knew how large Mr. Morgan's gift to the church in his lifetime had been.

In the light of Mr. Morgan's self-revelation in the first article of his will, referred to above, there are interesting sentences in an article on Mr. Morgan's religious faith which Mr. Reiland wrote for a recent number of the *Outlook*.

His Faith Deep and Strong.

Mr. Morgan has been called a "broad churchman," and so he was, very broad and deep. His was not the breadth of extended thinness, but breadth with depth. He disliked any but the plainest, heartiest service in which all could join. He used to say, "St. George's way is the way I like and I hope it will never change." Frequently he urged his acquaintances to attend services. Public worship with him was the outward visible sign of an inward religious conviction. His religion was no Sunday affair. He worshipped in spirit and in truth.

"No one who was present on his last Sunday here will ever forget how he stood out, almost in the aisle, beating time with his book, singing with strong voice and moist eyes his favorite hymn, 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds.' We think of it now."

At the Sunday morning service Mr. Morgan always passed the collection plate in the centre aisle, and on Communion Sunday he remained to receive communion. In the same article Mr. Reiland said:

"He followed every word of the service and the sermon with deep attention and the present pastor is thankful for his habit of giving wise and helpful criticism of services, sermons and general parochial policy. He came early to church, eagerly mounting the steps, specially animated with a kind of youthful joy when surrounded by the members of his family."

"After putting aside hat and coat he would walk up and down the broad aisle greeting every one who cared to speak to him, rich and poor alike, or take his stand with the parish clerk near the entrance to welcome the gathering worshippers. Mr. Morgan has frequently said that next to his immediate family nothing on earth was so dear to his heart as St. George's Church."

Came Alone to Sing and Pray.

"He did not like to place a contribution in the collection plate to be seen of men, but often sent in his gifts privately. Though he liked especially a certain pew and sat in it when he found it vacant, he was glad to feel that the size of the congregation sometimes forced him to sit elsewhere and piled himself upon being the wardens of a really free church."

When Mr. Reiland went to St. George's, Mr. Morgan said to him, "Please do not change our hymn singing until you know our method. When I don't like a hymn I always sit down." But Mr. Reiland says he never saw him sit down. He was enthusiastic for congregational singing.

"Upon the completion of the new Centennial Chapel last fall he came from his office Saturday afternoon and entered the chapel alone." Mr. Reiland went on. "As soon as I learned of this habit I used to go over regularly to meet him there. Sometimes I found him kneeling in prayer or reading, or singing a hymn without organ and alone. He seemed as happy as a child. I sent for one of our organists to play the hymn for us. He would stand in the chancel singing and beating time with book in hand, thoroughly enjoying every moment."

"The doors were always closed. No one but the aged sexton and myself knew that the great master of men and things was worshipping in the temple."

Yesterday Mr. Reiland added that he had never known a man more truly humble. In vestry meetings he said almost nothing. When money was needed for the church and Mr. Morgan gave it he never announced his intention himself. He always got some other vestryman to say, "Mr. Morgan and I will take care of that," though the other vestryman's share in the gift may have been not more than \$1.

"His solemn profession of faith in the will is beautiful and characteristic," Mr. Reiland said. "Think of the effect

of such a legacy upon his children, upon the whole church—the whole nation."

GIFTS PLEASE HARTFORD.

Dr. Gay Says City Has Hoped to Get Part of Art Treasures.

Hartford, Conn., April 20.—Hartford's leading citizens, and particularly the trustees of the Morgan memorial, deeply appreciate the honors to be paid to Hartford by the terms of J. P. Morgan's will.

Dr. Frank B. Gay, speaking at the completed third of the memorial this afternoon, voiced the general sentiment. "We have hoped, of course," he said, "that some part of the Morgan art treasures would be brought to Hartford and housed here. Mr. Morgan was here for the last time in December. Without saying much about it, he really loved this memorial to his father and used to gather his friends around him and, standing at the main entrance would declare, 'This is the cleanest building in America.'"

His two daughters, Mrs. Satterlee and Mrs. Hamilton, were here Thursday. They went through the Main street section and then looked over the two other sections, the sculpture hall and the educational rooms.

"Mr. Morgan almost decided last fall to send his treasures here when he could not see them in New York and when the art world was wondering when they would be unboxed and exhibited."

"The will now so much to the people of Hartford that it will take time to appreciate its significance. If his son brings any large amount of the treasures to this city, he will probably increase the annuity for maintenance."

HIE PUT SPIRITUAL FIRST.

Ministers Praise Opening Words of Mr. Morgan's Will.

Many ministers praised the opening words of the will of J. Pierpont Morgan. The Rev. Dr. George R. Van de Water, St. Andrew's Church, read from his morning newspaper the opening sentences of the will as soon as he attended his pulpit and said:

"Such a profession of faith should be read by all Christian men when taking up the task of making their wills. All Christian men ought, in this formal way and place, to commend Christ's cause to their children."

By the side of large material affairs in this document I find mention of spiritual affairs. And I find the spiritual mentioned first. This I think should be.

"The good that Mr. Morgan has done for his cause is incalculable. And Christ's cause is the nation's and the world's welfare."

I am much pleased to note, observed the Rev. Dr. Harry P. Nichols, Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, before he began his sermon, that Mr. Morgan began his will in the old-fashioned way. "I would the way became more common again. And Mr. Morgan went further than the old-fashioned way. He commended his own faith to the support and defense of his children and posterity."

Catholic clergymen and laymen, speaking of the opening paragraph of Mr. Morgan's will, concurred in calling it an utterance of a simple Christian faith consistent with the needs of all churches. "It is the expression of a solid Christian faith," said one. "I consider it a very beautiful thing to have done, being so honest a man and knowing the vast publicity that would attend his death, an expression of this kind can do incalculable good."

I wouldn't say that these words show a leaning toward Catholicism, was another comment. "It is a Christian thought fervently expressed. Any Christian churchman, except the Unitarians who deny the divinity of Christ, might say as much, though not with such effect. They are very beautiful words."

"It is the Christian doctrine of salvation simply," said a theologian. "It follows the Scripture teaching and is consistent with all Christianity. It might be called old-fashioned. It is very good."

MORGAN HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

Institution at Aix-les-Bains to Be Unannounced Thursday.

Aix-les-Bains, the pretty French watering place in the Alps of Savoy, will inaugurate on Thursday a new hospital, which was the gift of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Morgan had made arrangements to be present at that function in the city, which he had visited several times, by Leon Huxley, Mayor of Aix-les-Bains, was to surprise him with the golden bowl of the Mutuelle, a highly esteemed French decoration.

A special train had been ordered a few days ago before his death to convey Mr. Morgan to Aix-les-Bains, where he spent several weeks every spring following the "cure," frequently in the company of King George of Greece, who was slain recently at Salonica.

GALE BRINGS WINTER BACK.

Northwest Howler Sends the Mercury Down to 34.

A howler out of the northwest sent down the temperature in every section of this State yesterday, depositing frost on budding things and putting fear into the hearts of the owners of peach orchards, whose vernal tendency is to get blighted.

But the low temperature did not extend so far south as Delaware, so she cannot send out her usual spring plaint. North, northeast and northwest of us there were temperatures below freezing. Albany's lowest was 29, and in this neighborhood the mercury fell to 34.

The blast that came with the drop in temperature gave the impression that it was colder than 34. For ten minutes in the afternoon the anemometer on the Whitehall Building whizzed at a sixty mile rate.

Navigators, local and otherwise, had trouble in the numerous high squalls that protruded in the northwest. The ferryboat *Flushing*, plying between Nyack and Tarrytown, was blown on a sandbar and stuck four hours, or until the tide rose. Ten automobile parties aboard fretted much over their plight.

FROST DAMAGES FRUIT CROP.

High Winds Also Cause Losses in Orange County, N. Y.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., April 20.—It is feared that much damage has been done to the prospective fruit crop throughout Orange county by the present cold wave and high winds.

Ice formed to a considerable thickness in many sections, but it did not break the limbs from many others in some of the best orchards in the county today.

Merchants Association Moves.

The Merchants Association, which has had its headquarters at 54 Lafayette street, is moving to the Coolworth Building at 233 Broadway. The association announces that after tomorrow it will be installed in its new offices.

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H. B. WARNER'S WIFE DIES IN AUTO SMASH

Continued from First Page

some route was another car of the same company. Letting says that while Crosby's car was not racing with the one ahead it was going at a high speed, probably seventy miles an hour.

It was while going at this high rate of speed that a tire on one of the front wheels burst. Instantly the car, beyond control, darted across the road, crashed into a large building and leaped into the air. Turning completely over, it crashed against a telephone pole and came down on Crosby, who was held in place by the steering wheel. Letting, dazed, picked himself out of the wreckage, where he had been thrown, and made his way to the nearest house. The machine was raised, but he was dead, his head, face and chest being crushed.

Crosby, who was 27 years of age, was unmarried and leaves an aunt in New York city. His body was taken to Taunton.

TRAIN HITS JERSEY AUTO.

Orange Man Injured Seriously—Two Friends Thrown Out.

PATERSON, April 20.—Three men were killed out of an automobile and one of them badly injured this afternoon when an Erie Railroad train ran into the machine at Bloomfield avenue crossing in Atlantic county.

The injured man, Henry Menzel, of Park street, Orange, is in the General Hospital with a fractured skull and shoulder. He was driving a car belonging to Leonard Markwith of 30 Morton place, East Orange. With them was E. M. Hale of 5 Morton place.

The automobile was wrecked and carried some distance on the pilot of the engine. Menzel was operated on to night and will recover. His companions were not much hurt.

TEN HURT AS AUTOS BUMP.

Both Machines Wrecked and Riders Spilled in Jersey.

CAMDEN, N. J., April 20.—Ten persons were injured seriously this afternoon when two motor cars collided near Haddon Heights. Robert Levers, a mill owner of Philadelphia, and his family were on their way home from Atlantic city when their machine ran into that driven by Charles Chesman of Mount Pleasant, who had his family with him.

The machines collided head on, both were wrecked and the occupants of both cars were scattered about the Kines Highway, where the collision took place. The four occupants of Levers' car were badly shaken up and sustained severe bruises. Charles Chesman got severe injuries to the head and back. His wife was frightened.

The injured were taken to the General Hospital, Camden, and include Mrs. Jennie Turner, Robert Levers, Lydia Levers, his daughter and Cyril Levers, a son, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chesman and their four children, Marcell, Rossett, Norma and Gwendoline.

AUTO KILLS MOTORCYCLIST.

Philadelphia Man Thrown Directly in Touring Car's Path.

ELIZABETH, N. J., April 20.—Louis Drew, 25 years old of Philadelphia, was injured fatally here today when his motorcycle skidded on the highway and ran into the path of a touring car.

The touring car was driven by A. Marchand of Philadelphia, and it passed over his body. Drew's eyes were gouged out and his head crushed. He was taken to a doctor's office, where he died.

Drew was accompanied on his trip by two Philadelphia physicians, who warned him not to speed. He was an employee of the Underwood Typewriter Company.

CYCLIST'S INJURIES FATAL.

Robert Fisher of Paterson Hit by an Automobile.

Robert Fisher of 266 Eleventh avenue, Paterson, died last night in the General Hospital from injuries received in the afternoon when his motorcycle was struck by an automobile owned by John J. Fisher of 966 East Twentieth street, Paterson, and driven by Clarence Green, at Park avenue and East Eighteenth street.

AUTO HITS CAR, ONE KILLED.

Richmond, Cal., Merchant Badly Injured in Crash.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20.—J. C. Arnold, a Western Pacific engineer, was killed and George B. Upham, a prominent merchant of Richmond, was fatally injured today when a touring car in which they were riding ran into an electric car near St. George across the bay.

Two other men who were in the rear seats of the automobile sustained slight injuries and the machine was completely wrecked.

Shouts Lost \$100,000 in Fire.

MOBILE, Ala., April 20.—The burning of the winter home of Theodore P. Shonts at Daphne, Ala., on Mobile Bay, near here, last night means a loss of \$100,000, as there were many valuable relics and bric-a-brac in the place.

A WOMAN'S LAUGH, A DEAD MAN, MYSTERY

Police Baffled by Murder of Young Italian in Tenement Alleyway.

SCUFFLE AWOKES SLEEPER

In the Yard Lay Vito Pucillato.

His Heart Pierced by Dagger File.

A sleek young Italian with soft white hands, who posed as a day laborer, was murdered in the alleyway of a Christie street tenement yesterday. He was cut to pieces with a twelve inch long cobblers' file sharpened down to a fine point.

The light laugh of a woman, the sound of a scuffle and the patter of hurrying footsteps brought a six foot bearded Russian to the dead man's body a moment after death had come to him in the dark alley just before dawn. But the assassin had fled.

Vito Pucillato is the dead man and he came to a tenement at 182 Christie street six months ago. There is a little three story building in the yard in the rear of the tenement and there Pucillato took two rooms on the ground floor. He lived with his wife, his mother and his two-year-old daughter. Two young women who worked in a factory in the neighborhood boarded with the Pucillatos.

The other tenants saw little of the Pucillatos. When the wife watched the little girl at play in the sunny court, the janitress of the place, a goodhearted gossip, used to try to lure the woman into talk about her husband. He was a laborer, said the wife. To be sure, he worked a little at shoemaking, but he had no shop and repaired the shoes of a few friends in the back room of his apartments.

Sometimes the janitress caught a glimpse of him staring out on the few yards when there was snow this winter. He wore overalls and had a shovel. Yes, the wife said, that was it, he was a snow shoveler. But this didn't keep him very busy, and he would be gone for weeks at a time looking for work in the country, according to Mrs. Pucillato.

Nevertheless Pucillato did not in the least resemble a day laborer either in habits or clothes. In the evenings he appeared dressed in the loud costumes of the young Italian spork. He always seemed to have plenty of money. He wore rings and was very careful about his hands. He had several cousins and a brother-in-law on Christie street, but they were all vague and evasive when pressed as to the source of the Pucillatos' funds yesterday.

On Saturday night he went along Christie street immaculate in new tan shoes, a smart blue suit pressed to razor edges and a waistcoat that screamed at the electric lights. About his destination he spoke to no one.

It was about 2 o'clock yesterday morning when Charles Shuster, the big bearded brother of Edward, senior's (father and man of all work, who lives in the basement of an Italian tenement at 194 Christie street, a few houses nearer Stenton street than Pucillato's tenement, awakened from a sound sleep. Charles and Edward came here from Russia a year ago, changing their unpromising names for convenience, and Edward got the job as janitor's helper, which gives him a room in the basement in the rear of the tenement, with one window overlooking an alleyway that runs from the foot of a flight of steps on Christie street to the back yard. The door of the little room opens out into the hallway of the tenement.

Charles, worn with tramping the streets in search of a job and doubled up with rheumatism, came to his brother for lodging.

A noise in the alleyway had awakened him. As he dragged himself up on the bed he heard a low murmur of several persons talking out there. Then there was a shuffling sound and of a sudden came what sounded to the Russian like the stifled, hysterical laugh of a woman. Charles pawed at his brother and told him to go out into the alleyway. As Edward stumbled sleepily toward the door hurrying footsteps

raced past it. At the same time a man ran up the alley toward the street.

The Russian came to the alleyway and it seemed empty. He fumbled about a moment and finally succeeded in lighting a match. He held it high above his head and its feeble light fell on what the big fellow thought at first was a bundle of rags. As he went toward it a second match showed him the body of a man lying on his back with his arms flung out. Edward thought the man was drunk. But as he bent over he saw that which sent him following out into deserted Christie street. The file handle was sticking out above the man's heart. His soft hands were out where he had seized the sharp file edges.

The police found eleven wounds in the region of Pucillato's heart, any one of them enough to have killed him. There was a deep bruise on the back of his head. A purple and green silk handkerchief he had in his pocket was cut to ribbons. The file had slashed the corner of a photograph of the dead man's daughter in his pocket.

The body was identified at the Morgue later in the morning by Bartolo Goldate of 201 Christie street, Pucillato's brother-in-law, and then the detectives began the almost hopeless task of heeding the neighborhood.

RYE BEACH INN BURNS; HONEST JOHN KELLY OUT

His \$50,000 of Paintings Removed When Lease Expired Last Fall.

RYE, N. Y., April 20.—Rye Beach Inn, stopping place for politicians and other New Yorkers, was completely destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock this morning, with a loss of \$40,000. For several years the inn, which was owned by Charles E. McManus, had been run by Honest John Kelly, the New York sporting man, whose lease expired last fall.

After Kelly had removed paintings worth \$50,000 to one of his houses in New York, the hotel was leased by Montrose & Hard. There was no one in the house at the time of the fire, as it was being remodelled for the coming season. Fifteen carpenters, who had left their tools in the inn, lost them.

Rye Beach Inn was a landmark of the summer resort. Surrounding it are many cottages and bungalows, and if the wind, which was blowing a gale, had not been from the west and away from the cottages, the colony would have been wiped out. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Wealthy cottagers of the fire district dressed hurriedly and rode to beach in their automobiles and cars, or on the horse wagons. Almost 800 men hitched up a team of his own truck to a horse wagon and pulled it several firemen, dashed to the fire and was the first to get a stream on the building, which was then ablaze. Chief James B. Halsted took St. George's Assistant Chief George Fleming in the auto, while Chief Ernest Elsworth sat in another pulling car. The firemen could do little except to keep the fire from destroying the big bathing pavilion in front of the hotel. Sparks were showered on the bathing house of Mrs. Joseph Maxwell and on Rock's Hotel, where Bob Fitzsimmons once did considerable training, but these buildings were not damaged.

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